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THE JAPANESE MISSION.

THE city extends a cordial welcome to Viscount Ishii and the other members of the Imperial Japanese Commission who become its guests to-day.

The national colors of Japan, already conspicuous among the flags displayed in honor of this nation's allies, will be accorded a place of special distinction beside the Stars and Stripes, and New York will do its best to make its visitors feel the whole-hearted enthusiasm of its greeting.

The modern, thriving and progressive people from whom this Mission comes to us have moved fast and far since the time only sixty odd years ago when Commodore Perry, in the words of a Japanese author, "kindly shook Japan from her long slumber."

Americans now recognize Japan as a wide-awake, efficient ally not only for war but for the future work of establishing the civilized world upon lasting foundations of liberty and peace after democracy has triumphed.

"In the past fifty years," to quote an eminent Japanese merchant, "Japan has been importing, digesting, assimilating Western civilization."

So extraordinary and rapid has been the success it has made of the process that in scarcely more than a generation Japan has come to be an important and respected factor at the forefront of political and commercial progress.

The Japanese themselves are the first to point out the special debt they owe the United States for what they have learned during the last half century. Business methods, industrial efficiency, up-to-date inventions, labor-saving, comfort-giving conveniences are, they assure us, by no means all.

To American educational systems they have given close and constant attention. They have also taken pains to learn to know us through our history and through our literature. Hawthorne, Irving, Emerson, Mark Twain, even Walt Whitman and Henry James are more than names to Japanese readers. Forty translations of Emerson are said to have been published in Japan.

"To us," Mr. Naoichi Masaoka, Japanese editor and author, affirms, "the eloquence of Webster and Patrick Henry is a fact as familiar as the loyalty of Gen. Nogi. Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography is used in many middle schools as a text book of English, and our boys and girls, as they take lessons from it every day of the week, become so familiar with him that they feel as if his were not a foreign name."

All testimony to this effort on the part of the Japanese to understand and appreciate America raises the natural question:

Do Americans try to any such extent to understand and appreciate Japan?

The answer, we regret to say, cannot yet be in the affirmative.

Given the present relation which exists between this country and Japan as allies in a paramount cause; given the desirability of deepening and strengthening the understanding between the two nations in order that it may withstand the commercial strain and stress with which the world is certain to be seized when the war is over; given the mal-adjustments of the past, the facts of the present, the problems that loom ahead—this visit of the Imperial Japanese Mission ought to set Americans thinking whether, now more than ever, they do not owe it to themselves to broaden the basis of information upon which they estimate and judge Japan.

The Kaiser seems willing to get out of Belgium if allowed to remain there!

WELL EXECUTED.

THE round-up of enemy aliens in Greater New York, quietly effected last night by the police co-operating with the Federal authorities, is further reassuring evidence that those whose special duty is to defend the Nation against foes within are not asleep.

Neither the number of prisoners nor the specific circumstances under which they were apprehended can be made public without endangering the results of other investigations now under way.

But the quiet, business-like way in which last night's arrests were made and a mass of suspicious correspondence and material seized ought to convince New Yorkers that it does not require an Imperial Secret Police to handle such matters efficiently.

If the primary, for a purifier of politics, is wearing a deplorably black eye, whose fault is it?

No election machinery can be guaranteed to purify its products no matter in whose hands it is left.

A lot of otherwise intelligent and conscientious voters think the primary is an automatic protective device that needs no help from them to do its work.

And there's the whole trouble.

Fifty-two Berlins in the U. S.

WHAT will the Kaiser and von Hindenburg say when they are confronted by United States soldiers who hail from Berlin, Leipsic, Kiel, Krupp, Karlsruhe and other towns similarly named? Perhaps they will hiss "Treason!" but they will get no comfort from that, for the boys from these towns are all good Americans.

The fact is that there are fifty-two Berlins in the United States, and each of them is sending its sons to the front. Furthermore, there are five Leipsics over which Uncle Sam rules, whereas the Kaiser has only one. As for Hamburgs and Bremens, why, the Kaiser can't touch us. He's got one of each. We have ten Bremens and no less than thirty-two Hamburgs. Only eleven States in the Union haven't a town named Berlin, but others make up for the deficiency by having two. Pennsylvania has four and Virginia three.

When the war broke out there was a rush on the part of all belligerents to change the names of towns, streets, hotels and restaurants which bore enemy names. Berlin, Ontario, was changed to Kitchener; Russia renamed St. Petersburg Petrograd; London renamed all its German streets; Paris renamed all its German cafes, and Berlin retaliated in kind. No one has brought up the subject so far of changing the titles of the numerous Berlins, Hamburgs and other American towns with German names.

Bubbles! By J. H. Cassel

Americans Under Fire

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 18—DECATUR'S ATTACK ON ALGIERS.

TEN United States warships in May, 1815, set out for the Mediterranean—unsupported and ill-equipped—to hammer the formidable Barbary states into a proper respect for Uncle Sam. Commodore Stephen Decatur was in command.

Earlier in the century our country had forced those states to respect our flag and to give safe passage to our merchant ships. But since then our war of 1812 with Great Britain had been fought and the Barbary states had heard that England had not only crushed our power but had destroyed our entire fleet.

So the Barbary rulers decided they could prey upon our commerce with no fear of punishment, and so they returned to their earlier profitable sport of seizing and looting every American ship they could lay hands on, making slaves of the vessels' crews.

The moment our war with England was over the United States Government sent Decatur to put a stop to this sort of thing. The Dey of Algiers was the worst offender. So Decatur sailed first for Algiers.

Just after passing Gibraltar on the eastern voyage the ten Yankee ships encountered an Algerine war squadron scouring the Mediterranean in search of American vessels. They found what they were looking for.

Decatur opened fire on the Algerines and thrashed them in fair fight.

The Algerine squadron retreated. Decatur gave chase. For two days he followed hot upon the heels of his flying foes. During the course of the pursuit he captured their flagship and a twenty-two gun brig-of-war.

The Lion Bearded in His Den.

Not satisfied with this object lesson that Uncle Sam still had power to punish any one who molested his people at sea, the victorious Decatur sailed straight into the harbor of Algiers. He anchored his fleet, then sent word to the Dey that he intended to stay there until the Algerine Government should submit to such terms as the United States had sent him to dictate. He added a solemn promise to attack and sink any Algerine fleet that might try to enter the harbor while he was there.

The Dey was horrified at such threats. Foreign powers were usually far more civil to him. He invited Decatur to come ashore and talk matters over. Decatur refused to set foot on land, and he ordered the Dey to come aboard his flagship for any talking he might care to do.

The Dey by this time was thoroughly cowed by his grim visitor and he obeyed the summons. Out to the flagship he came, in royal state. Decatur received him more as he might have received a mutinous sailor than a potentate.

Curtly he told the Dey that all oppression of American ships and seamen must stop at once; that he must free every American prisoner in his dominions; that he must pay full indemnity for all stolen American property and that he must renounce claim to any tribute money from the United States for leaving Yankee ships unmolested in future.

Decatur had already drawn up a treaty to this effect. He commanded the Dey to sign it. The Dey meekly agreed to all Decatur's terms except the pledge to renounce all tribute from the United States. This, he explained, would be making a dangerous precedent for other nations and would deprive him of most of his revenue.

The Treaties Are Signed.

"Let the United States pay us something each year," he coaxed. "Even if it is only a little gunpowder."

"Certainly," agreed Decatur. "But if you insist on having gunpowder from us you must be prepared to take bullets with it."

The scared Dey dared make no further objections. Tremblingly he signed the treaty. Thus, by the way, he ended forever the power of organized piracy on the high seas.

From Algiers Decatur bore down upon Tunis and Tripoli. There he forced the rulers of these pirate states to sign a similar treaty. He attacked the ports of Tripoli and Tunis so suddenly that there was no time to organize any opposition to him.

Thus, at the muzzle of his warship guns, he persuaded the startled pirates to agree to his terms. There was nothing else for them to do.

Dumb Animals in War Time

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A YOUNG woman writes to me as follows:

"I am a business woman working downtown, and in walking on the different side streets I sometimes watch horses being fed with bags tied on their heads; and half of the material which is given to them is spilled or wasted, nine times out of ten. This is due to the careless way in which the bag is attached.

"The poor horse is made nervous trying to eat, especially when the rein strap is too tight to reach the ground. Will you kindly take this up at once with the people who own horses?

"In war time certainly nothing should be wasted, and the horse should be cared for in this connection. It breaks my heart to see horses made to suffer unnecessarily, and my observation has extended over many months."

There is much wisdom in this young woman's words. Many times in answer to such appeals in these columns I have expressed the hope that the day is not far distant when this faithful burden bearer of man will be supplanted by the non-suffering motor and that the horse will be used only for pleasure or in the rural districts where every inch of space is not counted in dollars.

But in the meantime, and especially in this war time, the appeal of this speechless sufferer should be answered with action. The high cost of food is a tremendous problem, and with the fellow who uses the horse to "get the most out of him" the animal is prone to get less food than he needs.

This is a dangerous individual and one who should be prosecuted to the full letter of the law. No punishment is too great for him who starves his faithful servitor—the means of his livelihood. Such a person hasn't the first instinct of gratitude.

Also the owner who is careless of the comfort of his poor beast deserves no less condemnation.

Such a condition as the business woman describes could be readily remedied. A little consideration, a little attention in the interest of his feeding, would go a long way to ease up the trials of the animal and doubtless the owner would benefit in better service as a result.

In like manner many cats and dogs are left to stray on the street suffering from hunger, when a telephone message to the proper authorities would relieve their misery.

What a splendid example is a man I know, who has denied himself many times in order to buy enough food for his horse. He is a huckster and has been in this country but a short time.

He had three little children and a good wife, and times without number the horse was fed before the family. As this man said once when he was hard up: "My children can speak when they have not enough or are unhappy, but with my horse it is different." This great human quality was soon discovered and he made many friends as a result of it. This brought him prosperity.

And now his little motor is doing the work, while friend horse is the pet of the children and lovingly cared for in his declining old age.

The glow of gladness that must come to this man in the knowledge that he has acted "on the level" even with the brute who could not "come back at him" should prove an incentive to others who have horses and who want to be real men among their fellow men.

If he will not, let us stop in the byways and have him arrested for his lawlessness. For it is unlawful to mistreat a dumb animal.

Why One Foot Moves Faster Than the Other

ALMOST every one of us walks faster with one foot than we do with the other, according to a scientist who has studied the subject. In a majority of cases it is the right foot that outdoes the left, but some lefthanded persons also walk a bit faster with their left foot. The incredulous may immediately make answer that if this were true we could not walk in a straight line. That is the exact conclusion of the scientist in question, who undertakes to prove his case. He points out that a person lost on a prairie will almost without fail walk around in a circle. All of us have heard incidents of persons lost in snowstorms who found themselves traversing the same ground in an endless circle. This, argues the scientist, is not due solely to any failure of the sense of direction, but to the fact that one of the wanderer's feet was imperceptibly moving faster than the other.

Under ordinary circumstances a pedestrian turns corners, cuts into a different road or is carried in one general direction by the course of a highway or street. And he does not attempt to walk in one exact line, but moves about more or less freely. Thus the speed of his step is equalized and the difference is not apparent.

As a proof that a person does not walk in a straight line the scientist proposes a test which he says has proved almost unfailing. That is, to place two sticks about eight feet apart, then start from a distance sixty feet away while blindfolded and try to pass between the sticks. He found that very few persons could successfully withstand the trial.

The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

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"AND at this affair, this tea of your Ladies' War Knitting League, will there be any smoking, hein?" asked the Baroness Holstein, who was invited to all patriotic affairs because she was suspected of being a German spy, and that made her so interesting.

"Not if I know it!" said Mrs. Jarr emphatically. "Every woman is to bring her husband, but not a one of them will dare to smoke if Mr. Jarr doesn't, and I'd just like to see him try it!"

"But I do not mean your husband, Mrs. Jarr," ventured the Baroness. "Of course, your husband shall not be permitted to do anything he wants to. No husband is ever permitted that. I am speaking of the ladies."

"The ladies? Do you mean will the ladies smoke?" asked Mrs. Jarr, aghast.

"Oh, you are not so bourgeoise or conventional that you do not realize all ladies of ton smoke, whether they permit their husbands to or not," the Baroness went on. "But I am informed that, as patriotism is all the mode, your society women now do not smoke while knitting. First they are sacrificing that pleasure to make the world safe for democracy—although I will be frank to say that it were well to do something to make it safe for the aristocracy—why, I hear the Czar of Russia is now living in a flat in Siberia"——

"Better families than the Czars live in flats," interrupted Mrs. Jarr. "And ours, for one, is colder than Siberia"——

"And, as I was going to add," continued the interesting noble lady who was suspected of being a spy, "American women, I am also informed, do not smoke while they knit because the cigarette sparks burn holes in the yarn."

"Well, I'm bourgeoise or Puritanical or a prude or whatever you may call it," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's bad enough for men to smoke, but I certainly won't tolerate it in women!"

"Ach! You surprise me," said the Baroness, drawing her deadly lorgnette. Mrs. Jarr thought of Edith Cavell, but she never flinched. She was ready to die, true to her country and the prejudices of her forefathers. "You surprise me," repeated the Baroness languidly, putting down the lorgnette, which evidently wasn't loaded and it being also somewhat to the camouflage, in that it looked like gold and tortoise shell but was celluloid and German silver—remember the Baroness was supposed to be a German spy. What she could spy in Mrs. Jarr's set is the most astonishing evidence of the efficiency of the Prussian weltpolitik—"I thought you had your own gold tipped cigarettes with your family trade mark—you Americans have rightfully no coats of arms—or at least your monogram on them."

"I have my monogram on my table linen, and that reminds me that I'll have no smoking and run chances of burning holes in my lace doylies when I serve tea," said Mrs. Jarr.

"How droll!" said the Baroness, again aiming the lorgnette, but Mrs. Jarr was now no longer lorgnette-shy.

"Yes, and, besides, I expect two young ladies from Philadelphia to assist me in pouring," Mrs. Jarr went on. "And you know how Puritanical the Philadelphians are?"

"In Philadelphia, yes," remarked the Baroness; "but when they get out of Philadelphia—Ou! la! lalala!"

And the Baroness shrugged her shoulders and rolled her eyes to indicate that once an inmate of Philadelphia escaped he or she was all rollicking romp and riot.

"And yet it is your desire, is it not, that your affair for the Ladies' War Knitting League shall be chic, shall be au fait, shall be recherche?"

Mrs. Jarr thought that a pleasant time described in English might do her just as well; but, anyway, the Baroness was using French, and the French are our allies. So Mrs. Jarr admitted that she wanted her affair to be a success.

"Then you must permit the ladies to smoke. Leave it to me. I will secure you the very exclusive grade of gold-tipped cigarettes I smoke myself. They are now $5 a box—on account of the war—yes, fifty in a box, but it will be sufficient. Yes? Ah, the five dollars? Yes, thank you!"

When Mrs. Jarr told Mr. Jarr about it he said it was his opinion that the Baroness was a German spy carried on a side line of cigars peddling. But men have no romance in them!

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

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OF course every woman yearns to be "understood"—but at the same time she would far rather have a man love her with his imagination than with his common sense.

There are still some women who will unblushingly take a living from a husband; others prefer to remove his "backbone."

As far as women are concerned, most men have a Prussian conscience, warranted to stretch over a multitude of lies.

The pledges of the Central Powers to the Pope must make the Allies just as weary as those Sunday morning "never-again" vows make an average wife.

When a woman binds a towel around her head it is a sign that a big day's work is beginning; when a man binds a towel around his head it is a sign that a big night's fun is ended.

If the average man had as much faith in the triumph of good over evil as he has in the triumph of a hair tonic over nature this life would be filled with sweetness and light instead of with pessimism.

A man is interested only in the beginning of a love affair; but a woman always wants to peep at the last chapter and "see how it is going to turn out" before she can take any vital interest in the introduction.

A husband who will sit at home evenings and read aloud to you is a joy and a comfort; but a husband who will sit there and let you read aloud to HIM is a stained-glass hero.

When a man boasts that his wife always agrees with him it is sometimes because he has a clever little way of finding out what she thinks first.

A man is perfectly satisfied to accept love at its face value, but a woman is forever demanding credentials.

New Things in Science

In a kite frame patented by a Wisconsin man ribs radiate from a central disc of metal.

* * *

According to a Paris physician, premature baldness is due to some trouble with the teeth.

* * *

Enough matches to light all the contents are attached to a recently invented cigarette box.

* * *

The winds at Curacoa are so steady that three wireless stations depend upon windmills for power.

* * *

Millions of tons of coal actually in sight have been found by American experts investigating the fields of Southern China.

* * *

Dry battery electric lamps are mounted over a new eye shield to give a wearer light where needed.

* * *

French postal authorities are experimenting with American automatic and semi-automatic telephones.

* * *

Herring, great quantities of which are caught in Japan each year, are used chiefly to fertilize rice fields.

* * *

So that it can be easily moved a new milking stool is strapped to its user and has but a single leg.